

Hamish Kelly, Medical Student, Killed by Fall

Popular Student Was the Son of Rev. W. E. Kelly of Lethbridge—Death Thought to Have Occurred During Sleep-Walking or an Epileptic Fit—Fell 15 Feet

General regret is felt in the University for the death of Hamish Kelly, 18-year-old son of Rev. W. E. Kelly, of Lethbridge, which occurred last Sunday morning. Death resulted from a fractured skull received in falling from his window to the hard ground beneath, evidently during an epileptic fit or while sleep-walking, to both of which Hamish was subject.

No evidence of foul play has been discovered, despite rumors that a prank was the cause of death. The student, who had many friends here, had attended last Saturday's matinee

at the Capitol theatre, and in the evening went to the Varsity rink to witness a hockey match. Later, in company with Lorne Wood and Edward Kuwabara, who had accompanied him to both places mentioned, Hamish returned to the Tuck Shop. It is thought that the amount of food which he had eaten while there caused an epileptic fit or sleep-walking, resulting in his crawling through his window, which was discovered open to a height of 18 inches. He was last seen at 12:15 a.m. Sunday by Lorne Wood, in whose room he had stayed until that time after leaving the Tuck Shop.

Rev. Kelly, father of Hamish, was notified of his son's death over long-distance telephone by Dr. Wallace, president of the University. Prostrated by grief, Rev. Kelly was unable to leave immediately for Edmonton. Mr. John G. Robertson, friend of the family, made the journey as the latter's representative.

Hamish was a brilliant student in grade twelve at Lethbridge, and was vice-president of the young people's association of St. Andrew's Church of that city. At the University, he was studying medicine, with the intention of becoming a medical missionary. He had shown himself capable in the recent term examinations.

JOTTINGS

The first meeting of the Chess Club for this year was called for last Thursday afternoon. Owing to the fact that classes were suspended on account of Dr. Millar's funeral, there were not enough to hold a regular meeting. The few who happened to be around enjoyed a few friendly games before going home. Another meeting will be called at an early date, probably the first of next week. Watch the notice-boards for a more definite announcement.

Professor William Rowan, of this University, who for some time has been engaged in experimental work in bird migration, has received the Doctor of Science degree from the University of London. The degree was awarded on the basis of a thesis on the cause of bird migration. Professor Rowan is deserving of congratulation for his work and the degree awarded him.

A graduate science club has been added to the number of fraternities now existing in the University. The first meeting of the club was held in the Tuck Shop Rainbow Room last Tuesday evening.

About twenty members of the new club were present at the meeting, representing agriculture, chemistry, physics, geology and biochemistry. The officers are: Lowell Doughty, president; William Cooke, vice-president; Herbert Morris, secretary-treasurer.

Candidates for election to the fraternity must be graduates in science who are actively engaged in research work.

Dr. A. E. Cameron will address Section A of the Science Association at 5 o'clock today, on the subject, "The Pre-Cambrian in Alberta."

The Theolog Club will meet tonight (Thursday, Jan. 23), at 8 p.m. The guest speakers will be Mr. Boris Crath and Rev. James Mayne. The former will discuss the Protestant Movement in the Ukraine, and Rev. Mayne will describe the position of the church among Ukrainians in Alberta.

Once again, attention is called to the fact that Year Book pictures must be handed in by January 31.

The second general meeting of the S.C.M. for this term will be held on Monday afternoon, Jan. 27th, at 4:30 in A212. Mr. A. L. Burt, head of the Department of History, will speak on, "The Changing American Society." All interested are invited to come.

Harry C. Avison, Western Secretary of the S.C.M., spent Thursday in the city on his way to Vancouver. Returning on February 5th, Mr. Avison will spend a week or more here. In addition to addressing a general meeting on Feb. 10th, he will endeavor to meet as many as possible of the students interested in the Movement.

Law Club Banquet

The eighth annual banquet of the Law Club, at which there were sixty people present, was held on January 22nd, in the Macdonald Hotel. All five members of the Alberta Court of Appeal were present, namely, Chief Justice Harvey, Mr. Justice Clarke, Mr. Justice Hyndman, Mr. Justice Mitchell, and Mr. Justice Lunney.

Others at the head table were: Mr. Justice Walsh, His Honour Judge Crawford, Dr. R. C. Wallace, Hon. J. F. Lymburn, R. D. Tighe, K.C.; G. H. Steer, K.C.; J. C. F. Bown, K.C. The toastmaster was Mr. Max Werthof, and toasts were given to: The King, The Province, The Bench, The University, The Bar, The Faculty and The Law Grads. A piano solo was given by Mr. B. J. Barnett, and a banjo solo by Mr. F. E. L. Priestley, who was accompanied by Mr. E. H. Read; and a vocal solo was given by Mr. A. B. Harvey, accompanied by Mr. C. W. Clement.

The principal speaker was Mr. Justice Walsh, who dealt in an interesting way with the jury system in Alberta. The banquet broke up, after a very enjoyable evening, about midnight.

OPERETTA MANAGER



VERNON NEWLOVE

Whose budget for the light opera, The Lucky Jade, was accepted by the Council at its last meeting. Mr. Newlove was manager of the operetta of last year, The Crimson Star, which was very successful. His financial and executive genius may be expected to produce equally fine results in the performance set for the 6th and 7th of February.

SYMPOSIUM

The Aggies had a meeting last night in Room 135 Arts, and Mr. Ottewill gave us a very interesting talk about the unemployment situation existing at the present time.

Growing Pains in Agriculture
In all history the social life of the people has from time to time been subjected to various readjustments which have caused inconvenience and pain among those concerned, and those causing the effect very seldom ever realized their position. Thus we have today a growing social pain in the form of unemployment which is due to agriculture becoming more mechanized. In the development of agriculture there are two distinct changes or periods.

First Period of Development
This period began about 1860, with the introduction of the reaper and a general improvement of machinery. To aid further development at this time there were the increased facilities in the form of transportation. Binders, etc., came in, and it became harder and harder for the more diversified farms on the continent to compete with the western farmers. In Ontario, during a thirty year period, the rural population decreased 50%. An exact parallel to other industries happened in 1790, when with the introduction of steam and the use of machinery thousands of people were thrown out of work and expressed their dissatisfaction by frequent outbreaks and damage to factories. Greater efficiency in any line of work has caused the lowering of the number of men needed. In the Napoleonic Wars 95% of the men carried bayonets, whereas in the last war for every man doing actual fighting five men were engaged in indirect activities; and this one man, needles to say, was far more efficient than a company of men in Napoleon's time.

Second Period in Agricultural Development
This period had to do with the introduction of efficient tractors, made so by the mechanically inclined generation, fool-proof tractors becoming fully as popular as the fool-proof car. The tractor led to the more efficient use of the combine harvester, which in turn deprived many men of employment. Three men today can do what it took over 12 men to do 10 years ago. Even these figures show a possibility of further reduction.

Since these methods of production are becoming general all over the world, and in some parts more common than they are in Canada, there is a possibility that we will find very efficient competition in such countries as Russia, Argentina, etc. The significance of all this will lead to the following:

1. Rapid growing of farm units, i.e., larger farms will lead to sparser population, and the result will be a renovation of school, church, and other social systems.
2. There will be no farm employment for the large body of drifters who have made their living in the harvest fields.

This is a serious problem which will require some real thinking on the part of the coming generation, and we only hope that it will not lead to such disaster as revolution, etc., in spite of the fact that a hungry man is the cause of such untoward happenings.

The speech was heartily applauded by all present, and there was ten minutes' discussion, during which Mr. Ottewill answered many questions.

There was some business discussed concerned with the holding of a party in the near future, the suggested date being January 31.

Mr. MacAllister introduced, for the approval of the members, a new Aggie yell, and, by the way, it ain't so rusty.

MISS GWEN LITTLE ADMITTED TO BAR

Alberta Law Graduate is Given Signal Honor—Was Clever Student

Graduate of the University of Alberta, Miss Gwendoline Little, B.A., LL.B., was admitted to the bar as a barrister by Mr. Justice Ford in the supreme court room at 2 p.m. Tuesday.

Miss Little was presented to Mr. Justice Ford by H. H. Parlee, K.C., who spoke of the honors she had received during her scholastic career and predicted a bright future for her.

Miss Little has been associated with the legal firm of Lymburn, Reid and Cobbleck since graduation in law in 1929 and was articled to Mayne Reid, K.C.

She was an honors graduate in Arts in 1926, specializing in languages. All her public school was received in Alberta with her high school tuition at the Victoria High School in Edmonton.

Signifying the highest standing in the Faculty of Law, Miss Little received the Carswell prize in her graduating year, while in the Arts course she won the prize awarded by Dr. W. H. Alexander for proficiency in Latin, the Mrs. R. B. Wells prizes in French literature and the Club La Verendrye gold medal for general proficiency in the French language.

Miss Little is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Oliver Little of Edmonton.

Newspaper Men Besiege Home of Lucky Jade

Hampton, Va.: Since the discovery of the Lucky Jade much interest has been aroused among the people of Hampton in the plantation of Mr. J. S. Courtney and the owner of the famous jade ear, Mammy Liza.

The Beeches, a typical southern plantation, was the scene of much jollification Saturday last when the friends of Miss Mary Ann Courtney gathered at the quay to welcome her and her father home from New York. Mr. Horace Ferguson, who arrived with them, is to be the guest of the family for the next two weeks.

A delightful house and garden party had been arranged for the home-coming. During the morning and afternoon fishing, boating and many other sports were featured. After the lunch, which was served on the lawn, old Mammy Liza once again charmed the merry-makers with her strange incantations and fortunes which she forecast for many of the guests. The publicity with which the Lucky Jade has been surrounded for the past two weeks lent much more weight than formerly to its predictions, and one popular youth felt a little disturbed at what the future held for him.

A masquerade and fireworks formed a delightful ending for the happy and auspicious welcome.

The reporter regretfully took his leave while the merriment was still at its height in the late evening, wondering what developments, if any, would follow the glare of publicity so lately descended on the Lucky Jade.

ENGINEERS HEAD INTERFAC. HOCKEY

Close Games in Interfac. League Med-Dents Win From Arts-Pharm

By virtue of a tie against the Arts-Pharm aggregation and a win by default over the Ag-Com-Law sextet, the Engineers advanced to the top of the interfaculty hockey league with 7 points to their credit.

Med-Dents Defeat Arts-Pharm 2-1
As the score indicates this was a closely fought encounter. The boys from the Medical building nosed out their brothers by a close margin.

Arts-Pharm and Engineers Tie, 3-3
This, too, was a torrid encounter, the result being in doubt till Thompson put in the evening counter just before the final bell.

The Engineers' defence was particularly good. Any team with two members of former senior teams should be a real menace in any man's league.

Ag-Com-Law Default to Engineers
It is to be regretted that the Ag-Com-Law team allowed the Engineers to take two points so easily. The purpose of the league is to give opportunity to students to play the game—this is not served when teams default.

League standing to date is:

	P	W	L	D	P.
Engineers	5	3	1	1	7
Med-Dents	4	3	1	0	6
Arts-Pharm	4	1	2	4	4
Ag-Com-Law	5	0	4	1	1

Alberta Defeats Manitoba-- Wins McGoun Debating Cup

F. E. L. Priestley and Dave Sigler Defeat R. M. Macdonnell and R. Gerald Riddell, Manitoba—E. L. Gibbs and D. B. MacKenzie Triumph Over B.C. Debaters

By defeating their opponents both in Vancouver and here last Friday evening, the representatives of the University of Alberta Debating Society won the McGoun cup, competed for annually by the four western provinces.

The topic of the debate in each of the four university cities in which it was staged was, "Resolved that total disarmament is essential to the attainment of world peace," the home team in each case taking the affirmative side.

Don B. MacKenzie and Eric Gibbs represented Alberta against the University of B.C. at Vancouver, and, arguing for the negative, won all of the four possible points.

"Felp" Priestley and Dave Sigler, for the affirmative, obtained three of the four possible points in their debate with Mr. Gerald Riddell and Mr. Ronald M. Macdonnell here.

By obtaining seven points out of a possible eight the Alberta boys therefore easily won the trophy.

First Affirmative

Opening for the affirmative, Dave Sigler pointed out that his side was not required to advance theories concerning the ways and means of attaining world peace, but was asked to show that armament is a cause of war, and as such must be removed if peace is to be world-wide and permanent. Emphasis, he said, must be placed on the word "total" in the resolution; partial disarmament is a step, but only a short one, in the direction of peace.

"Greatest Lie"

Ostensibly, war has been the resort of nations wishing to defend themselves against oppression; in reality, war has been an instrument of offence, used for selfish political or commercial ends. The causes of war as revealed by the governments of nations involved are never what they appear to be. There is danger in the "greatest lie in history"—"to prepare for war is to prepare for peace." The "preparation" principle has led to the enormously expensive and futile race for armament. This race has been particularly noticeable in the case of Great Britain and America, and Germany and France have been hardly less concerned. In order to procure peace, armament must disappear, and war must be abolished as an instrument of national policy.

Mr. Sigler cited the non-existence of armament on the U.S.-Canadian frontier as an instance of the confidence which two nations may enjoy when neither need fear armed aggression from the other. Armament, even partial, can produce only mistrust and suspicion between nations. At any moment armed peoples may fly at one another's throats, beginning the foolish waste of life and wealth which characterized the great war. As Lord Cecil stated at Geneva: "Economy, treaty obligations, and the interests of peace demand disarmament."

First Negative

Mr. Ronald Macdonnell was the first speaker for the negative. Before entering into the debate, he offered his thanks and those of his colleague for the pleasing reception accorded them on their arrival at this University. All in all, Mr. Macdonnell claimed that they had had a "hot time"—and were still having one.

Incentives to War

Taking issue with Mr. Sigler on the assertion that "armaments cause war," Mr. Macdonnell made the criticism that armament itself is not the

chief cause for war; if nations wish to fight, they will do so—for if they have no other armament, sticks and stones abound. The desire for power is a great incentive to war, and leads to the accumulation of armaments. An example of such an incentive is found in the cause of the Franco-Prussian War of 1870. Motives, said Mr. Macdonnell, are the real causes of war, not armaments. The latter, being the results of motives, may lead to war, to satisfy those motives. Nevertheless it is futile totally to disarm for war prevention: would total disarmament prevent Roumanians and Bulgarians from "mixing it" at least once annually? The speaker claimed that "total disarmament is not only non-essential, but useless."

Second Affirmative

Representing the affirmative, "Felp" Priestley opened with an expression of his belief in Santa Claus, claiming that Mr. Macdonnell had helped the affirmative in no small degree in the advancement of its arguments.

The negative had admitted that armament is a contributing cause for war—then why not remove that cause? Mr. Sigler had already declared that the removal of armament as a cause of war was involved in the resolution; the particular motives behind armament were not referred to.

War-Psychology

Mr. Priestley drew attention to the fact that nations seeking for a solution of the peace problem could not help looking askance at the United States when she proffered the Kellogg pact. Her great military and naval force might very well cause suspicion of what were ostensibly peace overtures. Armament, in addition to creating suspicion among other nations, creates a war-psychology in the people of the nations possessing it. And where may the line be drawn in deciding what constitutes an international affair and what constitutes a national affair? If war is used as part of "national policy," the fineness of the distinction is too obviously difficult to obtain.

Armament firms, being private, not national, organizations, are conducted for profit. Peace propaganda is decidedly inimical to profit for such firms, and they will co-operate with the general military staffs in any steps which will produce war. This is banditry on a national scale: if you want something not rightfully yours, resort to war. Economic and imperialistic aims produce just such national looting.

Second Negative

After seconding his colleague's thanks for a good time, Gerald Riddell opened an attack on the affirmative's case. The advocacy of total disarmament, he said, gave rise to a very difficult problem, that of disarming private individuals. However, no one considers it necessary to take firearms from the latter; public sentiment prevents the occurrence of universal murder. Duelling and private wars no longer take place. In the same way, public sentiment makes it unnecessary to abolish heavy armament; a people will demand a good excuse for war before using its arms. Abolition of armament to prevent strife would be as foolish as the abolition of fire to stop witch-burning.

Safeguards of Peace

The speaker pointed out that Great Britain and the United States, both heavily armed, have had several differences which might well have led to war, but arbitration has saved the day. The economic competition between these countries is one of many possible causes of war which cannot be obviated. Disarmament would be excellent for economic reasons, but is non-essential to world peace. The League of Nations, the World Court, and arbitration are safeguards of peace, but they have yet to be perfected. Sympathy must exist in international relations. The influence of public men and the press can be wielded to advantage in promoting this sympathy.

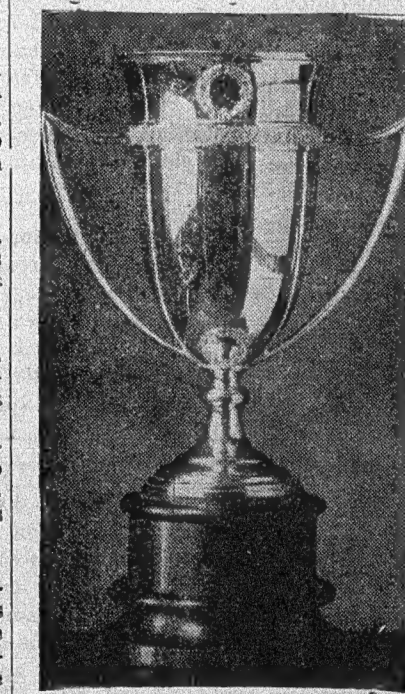
Rebuttal

The last speaker in rebuttal, Mr. Sigler, declared that armament as a permanent part of national policy, not as a possible product of laboratories and factories, was attacked by the affirmative. As they had stated, since arms are a cause for war (and the negative had so admitted) then total disarmament is essential for world peace.

The judges awarded the decision to Alberta by three points to one. The award gave Alberta the McGoun Cup, representative of the championship of the four western universities, Eric Gibbs and Don MacKenzie having won by four points to nil at Vancouver.

While awaiting the decision, the audience was given two fine baritone solos by James Macdonald. Mr. Macdonald was accompanied at the piano by Brother Francis of St. Joseph's College.

IN OUR POSSESSION



THE MCGOUN CUP

Symbolizing supremacy in debating among the four western Canadian universities, won for Alberta last Friday by the efforts of F. E. L. Priestley, Don B. MacKenzie, David Sigler, and Eric L. Gibbs.



THE GATEWAY

The Undergraduate Newspaper Published Weekly by the Students' Union of the University of Alberta

Gateway Office: Room 102 Arts Building. Phone 32026

Editor-in-Chief Kenneth W. Conibear
Associate Editor Lawrence L. Alexander
Managing Editor Wilbur F. Bowker
News Editor G. Noel Iles
Sports Editor Malcolm Butler
Women's Editor Mabel R. Conibear
Exchange Editor H. Mary Ross
Casserole Editor Roger McKee

Business Staff

Business Manager Hugh B. Wilson
Advertising Manager Duncan Marshall
Circulation Manager Cecil Hewson

RE "STEADYS"

The article appearing in last week's issue of The Gateway, for some reason or other given the title of "Roll 'em, Girls, Roll 'Em," has met with some criticism on the grounds that the author is troubling himself over what is only a private and personal practice, concerning, as may be said, only the parties concerned. The criticism is, without doubt, in some measure valid; but it should be remembered that the practice is in large part the result of a convention, which we do not fail to impress by various devious and unseen means upon the new members of our society. Whether it is generally prevalent or not is still a matter of investigation; but it does exist. And however private and personal the incidents may be in which its existence is demonstrated, it is worth our careful consideration whether the custom is generally sound or otherwise, and whether it ought to be upheld, or whether we should take some steps to keep it from taking hold upon our new members.

SCHOOL SPIRIT

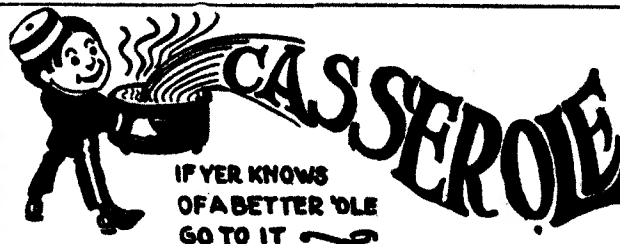
A doubt has been expressed in these columns as to the existence of such a thing as "school spirit" in this vicinity. And the answer has come that there is without question such a thing, and that it is no intangible and tenuous reality, but a living and active force, to be fostered and encouraged. If a definition of the thing may be taken from the letter in which its existence is asserted and its beneficial nature assumed, school spirit may be said to be that in, through, by, or because of which "a mob of Varsity students rush onto the grid in an ecstasy of emotion to carry off their victorious heroes." It is in a manifestation of a variety of this spirit that "we rise as one to cheer" Percy Williams for "bringing immortal fame to us as Canadians." Moreover, concludes our correspondent, "it is the duty of every one of us here to do all in our power to encourage that spirit" lest its existence be again so publicly cast in doubt.

Have you, considerate reader, ever seen a mob of Varsity students rush onto the grid in an ecstasy of emotion to carry off their victorious heroes? Save on the comic screen we have been spared that sight; we hope you may be able to say the same. We hope you have never seen "a mob of Varsity students" anywhere, and here particularly. We hope you have never considered our rugby players, however victorious, and however admirable, as "heroes." What is it that may threaten to turn our quiet, sober, intelligent, and educated men and women into a crowd, frenzied, drunk with the glory of some ephemeral triumph, and swept from all sense and reason by a passion essentially selfish and ultimately self-glorifying? What is it that may cause us to lose all sense of values, and, chiefly for the sake of their victory for us, to account those heroes who, being in some respects better built than ourselves, and having passed more time at some unessential exercise than we, have won for us a fleeting and insignificant triumph? If this thing is school spirit, then let us rejoice that one has been able to rise up in our midst and declare that there is among us only "perhaps a very intangible thing called school spirit." We have in our number many fine athletes, who for their ability in their chosen branches of sport, as well as for their more important good qualities, deserve our admiration and respect—but not our worship. There have been won by our teams some very notable and noble victories, of which we may well be proud, and in which we may truly find much joy—but over which we should not lose our senses.

Did you, thoughtful reader, rise, one of all this city, to cheer Percy Williams for his brilliant success on the distant playing fields of Amsterdam? We hope that you were fortunate enough to be here when he exhibited his powers in Edmonton; and we hope that you were able to take the opportunity to express in some slight way your natural wonder, not unjustly tinged with pride, at a phenomenon so extraordinary as that peculiar physique must be that proved superior to all others in some particular activity—but we hope that you were by no means persuaded to dream that he was bringing you as a Canadian "immortal fame." We have no desire to damn his "glorious deeds" with faint praise; but what are they? however remarkable, whatever their appeal to our imagination, how are they valuable, and what is their influence upon our reason? "Immortal fame"—alas! is it the function of school spirit to beguile us into believing that so great an object may be obtained for us by so indirect a route through such unworthy means?

And if this school spirit, reflective reader, is such a thing as it has been made here to appear, do you think it is our duty to do all in our power to encourage that spirit? If it is so actually as our correspondent has pictured it for us will it in the future not be well if some one may rise from among us in sincerity to doubt its existence?

But nevertheless we hope there is something in us akin to that called school spirit. We hope that all members of this institution have a community feeling—a loyalty to our common interest based on our pride in our mutual and common achievements. We hope that the unselfish labors self-imposed upon the public-minded members of our society have not been beneficial to themselves alone, but have given to all a feeling of unity not without its emotion. We hope, finally, that the effort expended by individuals among us on the playing fields and the track, in the administration of our government and the preparing of our



Three quests that a London cynic declares:
An author says that Love is a quest, but marriage is a conquest.
—“And divorce an inquest.”

He: “Men of my type are not running loose.”
She: “Of course not, that is what the police department is for.”

It is perfectly all right for a woman to want to hold on to her youth, but she should not do it while he is driving.

“What is the most outstanding contribution that chemistry has given to the world?”
“Blondes.”

I'd like to write of cotton hose,
And other ancient stuff,
Of moustache cups and buggy rides,
But I'm not old enough.

Little girls were modest
And were very slow;
Innocent and gentle
Long, long time ago.

Little girls were scary,
'Fraid of any beau;
Ran away from petting
Long, long time ago.

Little girls were timid
When the lights were low;
Never went for auto rides
Long, long time ago.

Little girls were careful
Lest their stockings show;
Wore their dresses dragging
Long, long time ago.

Little modest maidens
Were all right, I know,
But I'm glad they vanished
Long, long time ago.

“Did you contribute to the ‘Atlantic Monthly?’” asked the sweet young girl of the famous author.
“Not monthly—daily,” replied the author.
“Daily?” echoed the girl in surprise.
“Yes,” said the author sadly, “last summer, when I crossed to Europe.”

The wealthy old lady was very ill and sent for her lawyer to make her will. “I wish to explain to you,” she said weakly, “about disposing of my property.”

The lawyer was sympathetic. “There, there, don't worry about it,” he said soothingly, “just leave it all to me.”

“Oh, well,” sighed the old lady resignedly, “I suppose I might as well. You'll get it anyway.”

“Mary,” complained the young man, “why do you suppose it is that people all say I have such a large head?”

“I don't know, I'm sure, Jack,” said the sweet young thing; “but never mind, there is nothing in it.”

One of the big railroad lines has a regular form for reporting accidents to animals on its line. Recently a cow was killed and the track foreman drew up the report. In answer to the question, “Disposition of carcass?” he wrote: “Kind and gentle.”

There is a word in the English language the first two letters of which signify a male, the first three a female, the first four a great man, and the whole a great woman. The word is “heroine.”

“No, no, you mustn't kiss me,” se said, as he drew her close to him. “Mother objects to kissing.”

“Well, dear, I'm not going to kiss her.”

“Why, the size of your bill,” cried the angry patient to the doctor, “makes me boil all over.”

“Ah,” said the eminent practitioner calmly, “that will be twenty dollars more for sterilizing your system.”

Where Authors Slip

According to one, the hero “brushed her hair with his lips.” Scarcely an improvement on the old method of a real brush that we can see.

Another writer remarks: “He rested his feet on the back of a chair and blew smoke rings with half-closed eyes.” We've seen it done with the mouth.

“Marjorie would often take her eyes from the deck and cast them far out to sea.” As a caster, Isaac Walton had nothing on Margie, believe us.

various publications, and for the development of our dramatic and forensic talent, has not failed to benefit our society as a whole. We believe it has had its purpose and its value. But we sincerely hope that it has not produced in us that unbalanced monster—not the less maleficent for being intangible—which is called “school spirit.”

THIS “TWITTERING” BUSINESS

Whoever the happy individual is who was asked upon the occasion of a memorable rendezvous with four friends to expound the significance of the term “twittering,” the enquiry of his presumably fair companions started something. We have been delighted to see the amount of patient research which has been thrown into this apparently hitherto unexplored field of investigation. We are particularly proud that it has been more or less conclusively determined by our tireless investigators that the use of the word in this sense is, if their evidence is correct, purely local. We have found a problem unsolved and even unheard of by Noah Webster—and at once it appears that among us the number of lexicographers is legion.



THE MED AND THE DEBATE

University of Alberta,
January 20, 1930.

Editor, The Gateway.

The members of the Inter-varsity Debating team are receiving congratulations on the success of their efforts last Friday. Likewise the officials of the Medical Club are being felicitated on the success of the first Medical Ball. However, the fact that both functions took place on Friday evening resulted in one incident which, in the opinion of the writer, was unworthy of the Med Club. Hence this letter.

It occurred to the Social Directorate, naturally enough, that the Med Ball would be a good place to which to take the teams after the debate. Thereupon, the idea was mentioned to some members of the Med Club executive and of the Dance Committee. Most of these gentlemen agreed that it would be a nice thing to do but, said they, it would have to be approved by the club. The matter was then brought up at a Med Club meeting and, much to the amazement of those interested in the entertainment of the visitors, the proposal was voted down by a decisive majority—and this despite the fact that the Med Club was not being asked to bear any cost. The reasons for the club's decision, I am informed, were: that faculty clubs are not part of the Students' Union, and that tickets to the Med Ball were being limited to members of the Med Club and of the medical profession, that the club had decided not to sell tickets to members of the Nurses or Dent Clubs and that there was no good reason why any exception should be made for a visiting debating team.

Even if the Medical Ball had been a small faculty party, it seems to me that ordinary courtesy towards the Social Directorate and the Debating Society should have prevailed over any of the above-noted objections. And, since the ball approximated in size a major University dance, the reasons for the club's decision are considerably more difficult to comprehend. As it turned out, the teams did have a pleasant time after the debate, thanks to the hospitality of a member of the University faculty. That, however, does not excuse the Medical Club.

One other fact might be taken into consideration. The debate has always been scheduled for the third Friday in January. The Med Club found that this date was the only one suitable for the dance and requested permission to hold it then. The Debating Society certainly had a right to object on principle, aside from any question of attendance, to a big dance being held on the evening of the annual championship debate. Nevertheless, the Debating executive decided to be reasonable and did not push the objection beyond the stage of a mild protest. The consideration for others shown by the Debating Society might well have been taken as an example by the Med Club. It is my opinion that the Med Club is deserving of criticism in this matter. The fact that I am an executive member of a different faculty club causes me to hesitate about putting my criticism into print—but the occasion seems to me to call for such action.

MAX H. WERSHOF.

AGAINST “VAGABOND”

Assiniboia Hall,
Edmonton, Alta.,
Jan. 17, 1930.

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—Let us have fair play about the meals in the Athabasca dining room. If there is just cause for complaint, the proper course would seem to be for those students who feel themselves aggrieved to approach directly the University officials concerned and not to broadcast through the press letters like that of “Vagabond” in your issue of January 12th, which reflect unfavorably upon the good name of the institution as a whole and upon individual officials in particular.

Such publication is especially regrettable since on inquiry it will almost certainly be found that it expresses the view of a negligible minority of students, while the majority are likely to be found appreciative of the fact that the board at this institution compares very favorably indeed with that to be obtained at similar institutions throughout the country.

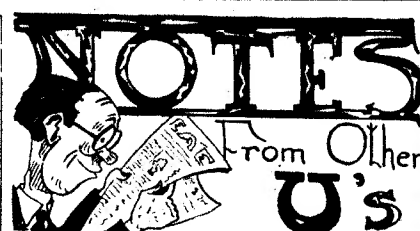
At noon on the Sunday to which “Vagabond” refers, a chicken dinner was served which would have cost \$1.50 at a good hotel. The students paid 26.9 cents for it. On top of this it seems a particularly graceless act to broadcast such a general complaint because the evening meal happened not to appeal to the palate of “Vagabond” and some of his fellows.

We can all agree with “Vagabond” that “the ordinary student wishes for wholesome clean food, properly cooked and served.” Most of us will also agree that this wish is very satisfactorily fulfilled in Athabasca dining room. I am informed that the dietitian has never been approached directly by any student with a complaint or suggestion in regard to the meals.

If any of us should feel we have just cause for complaint, in the name of all that is decent and straightforward let us prefer it to the proper person and not take refuge in scurrilous and anonymous attacks through the press.

Yours sincerely,
EMMA R. NEWTON.

Correspondence continued on page 6.



Low Tastes?

Portland, Ore. (I.P.)—The doings of comic strip characters apparently are of more interest to the average student at Reed College here than the affairs of the nation, state or city, it was revealed here recently in a survey made.

Of the 204 students who expressed their opinions on the matter, 56 preferred reading comic strips first and 47 others would rather take a glance at the front page and then turn to the comic section.

The average number of papers read by the students daily was two, although one student read four papers. The average time spent by the students reading newspapers was estimated at 35.5 minutes daily.

Seat of Learning Needed

Bethlehem, Pa. (I.P.)—What American education needs most is a seat of learning such as Cambridge, in England, according to Professor Oswald Veblen, of Princeton University, who addressed the annual meeting of the American Mathematical Society here during the Christmas holidays.

“We try to educate people here in this country,” Professor Veblen said, “and we have established institutions especially for this purpose, while England and European countries have established genuine seats of learning such as Cambridge, where serious-minded students go in quest of knowledge.”

The Princeton professor said, however, that he looked forward to the development of such a center in this country in the not far distant future. The shifting of too many of the ablest men from the teaching to the research profession was criticized before the meeting by Professor J. L. Coolidge, of Harvard University.

“This means,” he said, “that the teaching profession may suffer from a lowering of standards and that teaching may become a decidedly secondary occupation in college life.”

Delaware, O. (I.P.)—Co-eds at Ohio Wesleyan University have been ordered by the dean of women to quit smoking cigarettes in public eating houses and other places where the public may gaze on them.

FOR TAXI PHONE 4444

REPORTS

By J.H.G.

There are reports of all kinds. There is the kind we used to get at the end of each month, in public school, and there is the kind we used to have to make when we returned home after midnight. There are, as I have said before, divers species of reports, but, of all those species, the worst, the most malignant, is that species designated as “Physics' Reports.”

To begin with, we must struggle through a “lab.”, a particularly heart-rending process. Who ever saw a wattmeter before? What on earth does one do with a transformer? And, above all, hangs the thought of the Report, menacing us with its inevitability.

After we have exhibited our crass ignorance to all and sundry for at least two hours, we stagger away, our brains cluttered with readings of voltmeters, and ammeters, and a sneaking suspicion that we have forgotten to measure something.

Tempus at His Old Tricks

Then the dreadful Report sits up and grins at us. Monday has gone. Tuesday flies. Wednesday draws near, and the Report remains on our desk with its yellow leering face saying, “Thursday at noon, Thursday at noon.”

At last with a gasp we delve into the books in which we have jotted down all the various little bits of wisdom which accumulated during the two hours' lab. on Monday. Dazed, we glare at the diagrams—horrible things—and vainly try to decipher our hasty scrawls. Ah! Here we are! Theory! Oh! how can I ever get that straightened out? But at last! long last! Theory, Procedure, Observations and Results, all, all, all are fed into the rapacious maw of that lab. manuscript. The Report slides into the little slit, marked “Due Thursday noon.” And our “Old Man of the Sea” slides off our shoulders until another Report looms up in the distance.

PHONE 4768

R. H. HOUSTON

Dispensing Optician

Special attention to Students

10135 101st St. Edmonton
(Opposite Rialto Theatre)

IT'S EASY TO OUTFIT AT THE

WALK-RITE
Style Shoppe

Most women have learned to shop the modern way. Practically all the better class stores have now adopted this method

The 12 Pay Plan

A small deposit down and the rest in easy weekly or monthly payments

DRESSES, COATS, FUR COATS, MILLINERY,
LINGERIE, HOSIERY, FOOTWEAR

Open Your Account Now!

10171 101st STREET

WHY DID THE TREE
BARK?

Sun Life Assurance

COMPANY OF CANADA
320 Empire Block
Edmonton

JACK MARSHALL
Representative
Phone 1564

DRINK



Pasteurized Milk, Superior Milk
and CREAM

IT IS PURE—SAFE—RICH ALWAYS

Edmonton City Dairy, Ltd.

PHONE 9261

We have a White Wagon on Every Street Every Day

FILLERS—FOOLISH FILLERS

By M.

Fillers here, fillers there, fillers everywhere. After a column of jokes, after a heart-throbbing love story, after a piece of news, pathetic or humorous—anywhere and everywhere, fillers and more fillers. To the eye of the newspaper man, there is no hole or gap anywhere, in which a filler will not arise to the emergency. We even heard a story of an editor of a large newspaper, who finding a hole in his coat, took a filler of the right size from the drawer, and placing it over the hole, walked out to keep his appointment—quite satisfied. We leave the story for consideration, but we have no doubts of its possibility.

Fillers, fillers,—no matter where we look we see them. We read a joke in the paper—it appeals to us as highly amusing and we sit back, prepared to enjoy a hearty laugh. We are just taking our breath as a start, when our eye drops down a line, and we read the very interesting fact that whales sometimes live to five hundred years of age. Our laugh is checked, even the smile fades from our face, for in view of this stupendous fact the point of our joke seems very insignificant indeed. Somehow we have been cheated, we had a good joke, we were prepared to laugh, and were not allowed to do so—those whales came along and just spoiled everything.

Some particularly inspiring examples of fillers have come to our notice lately—they are really good.

To quote from one of our local papers:

"Alleged to have choked his wife, and thrown hot coffee on his children, — was arrested by city police Friday, and is being arraigned in court Saturday on charges of assault.

Elephants seldom lie down."

As a filler, of course, it is priceless, but why put it in at all? It was only a one-line gap, and the news would have been far more effective without this distraction coming at its heels.

Here is another:

"And yet marriage went on, the race went on. The race went on.

She turned cold with fear.
(To be continued)

Britain's Rats Decreased

Millions of rats are reported to have been killed in the recent 'Rat Week' in the British Isles. The slaying is estimated to have greatly reduced . . . etc."

We are left to wonder why she turned cold with fear, but in the meantime, we have the satisfaction of knowing that the rodents are getting the worst of it over in the British Isles. Again we feel that we have been cheated.

It is enlightening to find, just as we finish reading the latest movie news, that the "hundred legged" centipede has only forty-six legs. It is enlightening we will admit, but we were not just then in the mood to be enlightened or educated, or we would never have turned to the movie page. It may be a matter of taste, but we cannot see that a piece of news such as that about the cold weather at the coast is improved by the information that ninety per cent. of the people in India cannot read or write. We are interested, no one more so, to learn that China, with all its millions of populations, does not contain one lunatic asylum. But, at the same time, this information, coming immediately after a report on the changes of teachers in High Schools, seems to say the least—lacking in tact.

We are not unreasonable, we do not object to being told that every person in the United States eats a barrel of flour a year, or that in Labrador there is an average of only one person to every thirty square miles. Nor do we mind acquiring the knowledge that the lord mayor of London still rides in a stage coach built in the eighteenth century. No, we are not unreasonable, nor is our thirst for knowledge entirely quenched, but we do object to having the edge taken off of everything, by a sneaking little filler inserted just where it will break the point of the climax. If we must have fillers, if the editors will insist upon forcing them on us, let us have them made up into a little booklet and distributed at the end of the year with the last issue of the paper—a Literary Supplement, as it were. This is only one solution, but we grasp at anything—anything rather than this slow painful education, this forcing of facts down our throats, which resembles the taking of castor oil under a mask of orange juice.

FOR TAXI PHONE 4444

Jackson's School of Physical Culture

WANTS SALESMAN, HEALTHY, ATHLETIC-LOOKING CHAP, TO INTEREST BUSINESS MEN IN HIS COURSES.

Phone 4244

THE BEST VARSITY TUCK SHOP IN CANADA

THE Rainbow Room

THE IDEAL PLACE FOR BANQUETS

EVENING SONG

The night is drawing close, and the evening shadows fall
With ever lengthening reach to the pale grey Eastern wall.
The sun is sinking low, 'tis a great gold bowl of fire,
Lighting up the Western cloud banks like a gorgeous flaming pyre.
The dusk is fast approaching, yet the misty twilight clings,
With last lingering loving caress as the darkness closes in.
The evening stars are peeping, shyly creeping 'cross the sky:
They will guard us, guide the sailor, while the long night passes by.
—SIMBA.

A BOOKSHOP IDYLL

By P.E.W.

A maddened, swiftly-moving thoroughfare thronged with the denizens of every class. Tall, majestic buildings towered to skies, whose beauty they hid but could not outshine; their ranks seemed interminable in their unbroken continuity. The vivid, seething crowd rushed on unseeing, blinded by the radiance of a hot afternoon sun—but how much more by their own all-absorbing self-importance!

Night, swooping with swift and silent wings upon a heedless world, cooled the heated pavements. Myriads of gleaming lights changed the avenue into a veritable fairyland. The glaring shops with showy plate-glass windows dominated the scene—but there was a difference.

"Parvus in Magnis"

Wedge tightly between two large, aggressive, brick buildings, nestled a quaint wooden structure. Its tippy sign—flapping crazily in the cool, evening breeze—rattled a cheery welcome to the adventurous passer-by. An ancient wrought-iron lantern, with its uncertain, flickering flame, revealed a weather-beaten door. What freak of architectural creation had so placed and adorned the unassuming building that—when night had stilled the turmoil of the throbbing city—its presence became indefinitely known. It became an integral part of the metropolis.

Within the Walls

Entrance was possible only after an abrupt descent from the pavement. A tall man would have to stoop to enter, so low was the lintel. Within, a dim mustiness pervaded the atmosphere. Instinctively the newcomer would grope hesitantly forward until, his eyes at last accustomed to the half-light, he paused to study the interior of the shop.

Every wall was lined with shelf upon shelf, row after row of books. Deep shadows enshrouded the furthermost corners of the room with a depressing gloom. A brazier, with a small but glowing fire from which issued a pleasant, enervating heat, occupied the middle of the room. Grotesque lanterns, oddly resembling human heads, hung at intervals from the ceiling, merely served the general air of depression.

"Longævus Erus"

Seated in a deep, leather armchair, which at first seemed to merge into the army of shadows, was an old, old, misshapen man. The gleaming silver of his hair contrasted oddly with a brown, parchment-like skin. Perched on the end of his nose was a pair of small, silver-rimmed spectacles. He was perusing, with profound absorption, a book which lay open on the right arm of the chair.

André Savard, the hunch-back, was the proprietor of this novel book store. No one had ever seen him rise from the depths of his chair. People who knew what they wanted came to him—and were satisfied. Adventurers in the fields of reading came—and they too went away happy. Old men, weary of life, disillusioned, cynical, and sceptical carried away large tomes, which they devoured avidly, and then returned for more. Young people—blasé, forever seeking the bizarre—did not complain of André's books. Children, in search of pirates and fairies, witches and hobgoblins, found them all—and many things they had not dreamed of besides.

TO SPEAK OR NOT TO SPEAK

By Mac Aroni

I always have the very best of intentions. I had them when I resolved to present a more friendly exterior to the world and to greet with more animation. So, of course, I had the best of intentions when I alighted from the street car and dashed across the street between two autos. As I have said, my intentions were of the best, as, no doubt, were those of the motorists judging by their humane comments and the extreme care they took in avoiding me.

Upon reassembling a vestige of my nerves and what little breath remained at my disposal, I stepped up on to the curb and started westward. The sun, being quite low in the west, sent its long rays obliquely into my eyes so that I was forced much against my wishes to watch the singularly unattractive overshoe tracks along the walk.

A Pedibus

Four thirties were over ten minutes ago, and already little groups were hustling towards the carline. Someone was approaching. Of course, it might possibly have been that person I owed two dollars and had successfully dodged for a week—but, why worry just now? Nearer came the object. I recognized the shoes—a bright tan—an excellent polish on the right toe—skuffed on the outside—a fair polish on the left toe, with a blot of ink enveloping the two lower eyelets and the first row of perforations. Yes, I had seen those shoes before—at a lecture, presumably. Should I speak? I tried to look up—but oh! that sun. Then, of a sudden, one loud cough followed by two lesser explosions told the tale and pronounced the passerby to be one of the curly-headed obstructions to my view of the Athabasca dining-room during meal hours. I never speak to him—

don't know him anyway. My intentions were still good.

Intentions That Held

The sun was much lower now and vision was clear. Another pair of tan shoes approached—no ink this time—a navy blue suit (with tan shoes! but this was only a detail to the carefree wearer). Above the suit was such an adorable red necktie. Possibly, it was curiosity that drew my gaze from the tie to the face that beamed under a mass of golden hair—the face of that little Engineer I met at the last Saturday night. Should I speak?—oh, might as well—"Hello!" and that was that.

Two girls passed. There was a gay exchange of greetings. May has always spoken since that day in the Arts rotunda; and as for Jean and I, we've been the best of friends since we interchanged phone duty the night before the Christmas Banquet.

Next, a group of three approached—we didn't speak. Why?—well, we exchanged dances at the Wauneita and we've never spoken since.

Who Started This Intention Business, Anyway?

The way seemed clear by the time I reached the Tuck, and I was just congratulating myself on my good fortune when, from out of the Tuck door, came that person I was just positive I would NEVER speak to again.

"Why, hello! Going back to Pembina?"

To speak or not to speak! Well, I suppose it's only polite to speak when you're spoken to. And then, of course, people should always speak good-naturedly—wrinkles do develop so easily in this climate. So, I summoned up all my good intentions and spoke—

"Why, yes, Herbert!"

Photographs

By Ariadne

Isn't it fun to have one's photograph taken? We all enjoy putting on a black gown and then treating our collars as if they were elastic, in our futile efforts to cover the darned spots (and if you think we're being profane, look up "darned" in your Oxfords). We just love trying to make six hairs stay on each side of our face (because we don't like to appear unbalanced); and who wouldn't tag a genuine pride in being able to look comfortable when one is most excruciatingly not?

The Impossible Combination

Last, but not least, we are told to look natural—and in the next breath—pleasant! Well, of course we'd like to combine the two—and we do try—but occasionally the result seems to portray neither of these supposed characteristics. Which, of course, please us most of all.

Our Last Hope Gone

And then to send them away (as

quickly as possible!) to our dear uncles, aunts, cousins and friends, who had fondly believed that all the family were good-looking. That wouldn't be so bad if we didn't receive letters thanking us for "the lovely photograph, so like you"—when we had clung to this last straw, hoping against hope that they might at least say the face was unrecognizable.

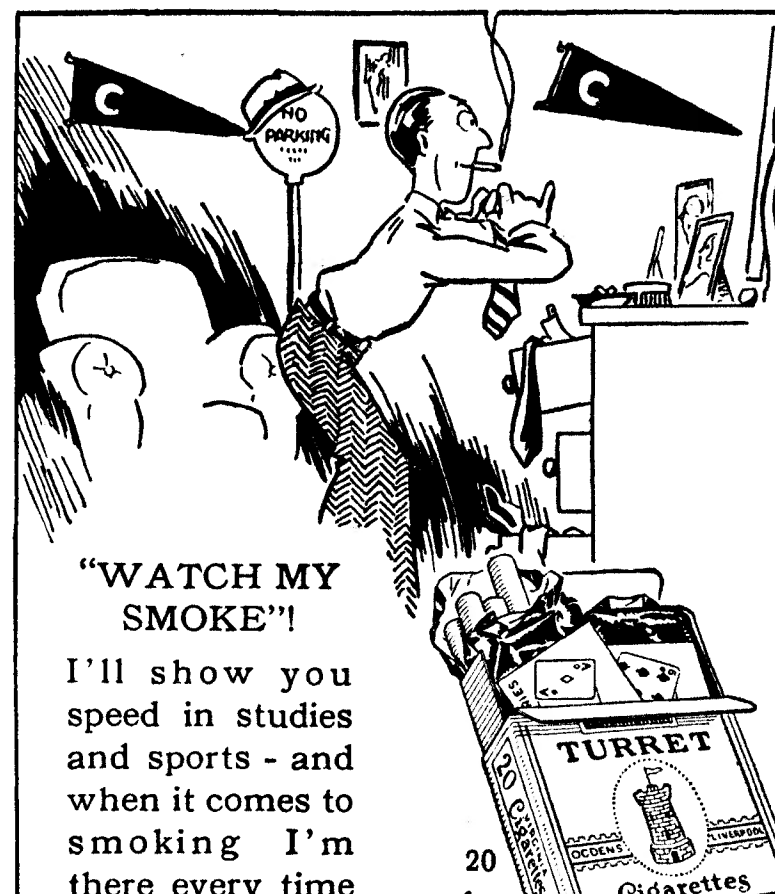
FOR TAXI PHONE 4444

Daffodils and Tulips in Pots

Are Attractive Now

WALTER RAMSAY LIMITED

Birks Bldg.,
104th St. and Jasper



"WATCH MY SMOKE!"
I'll show you speed in studies and sports - and when it comes to smoking I'm there every time with Turrets.

20 for 25c

TURRET
CIGARETTES

Mild and Fragrant

Save the valuable "POKER HANDS"

Advance showing of FELT AND SATIN HATS, straw trimmed, for week-end shoppers

10% Discount to Varsity Students showing their Registration Cards

BLUE BIRD MILLINERY & BEAUTY SHOPPE

Phone 4674

10251 Jasper Avenue

Dancing Develops - - Poise Manner - - Personality

That's why good dancers are always popular. Why not be one when it is so easy by the Sullivan modern methods. In 3 days we will make you a fascinating dancer. Hours arranged to suit your time. Private teaching rooms. Phone 6524.

Sullivan's Academy of Dancing

LaFleche Building

102nd Street

And How can Varsity Students afford to throw away good money?

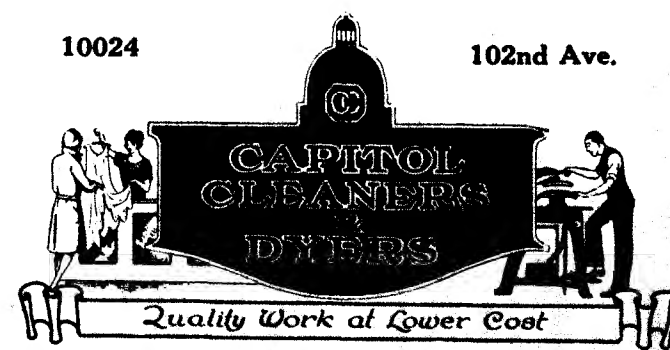
THE CAPITOL through low operating costs and modern efficient methods can save you as much as 50% on your dry cleaning costs.

Men's Suits Cleaned and Pressed	\$1.00
Ladies' Plain Silk Dresses	\$1.50
Overcoats	\$1.50
Men's Suits Sponged and Pressed	50c

2508 Phones 4888

10024

102nd Ave.





SPORTS



Manitoba Hockey Team Here Sat., Jan. 25th

VARSITY HOOPERS DEFEAT BAY 37-12

Hudson Bay No Match for Snappy Varsity Aggregation

As we predicted last week the Varsity hoop squad was much too fast for the Fur Traders. In their encounter at the Y.W.C.A. they turned back the Hudson Bay Company's hired help to the tune of 37-12 last Saturday night.

Varsity Heads League

As a result of this win Varsity goes to the top of the senior league, and it looks as if they will stay there for the entire season.

The boys ran particularly wild in the first period and outscored their opponents to the tune of 16-2. Later in the game the Bay boys got going and ran up a few points.

Hull Stars for Bay

D. Hull was the pick of the Department store players. He stood head and shoulders above all his playfellows, some of whom have the making of much better combinations than were witnessed. With more practice together the team should

LADIES' HOCKEY TEAM OPEN SEASON

Varsity Ladies' Play Monarchs Saturday, Jan. 25, and Wednesday, Jan. 29

The ladies' hockey team make their first appearance at the South Side rink at 8:30 Saturday evening, January 25th. The Monarchs have always turned out a strong team, and rumor has it they are out to annex the title for another year. However, Varsity has a lot of new material out, and the girls have been doing some intensive training and have every intention of taking the measure of the Monarchs.

On Wednesday, January 29th, at 7:30, at the Varsity rink, Varsity play the second game with the Monarchs. The receipts of this game go to the ladies' hockey club, and if the attendance is good, the team will be able to go to Banff to participate in the Alpine cup series.

turn out a much smoother game.

Varsity Went Well

For the Varsity outfit Saddington, Pullishy, Keel and Shandro played excellent basketball. The whole team functioned smoothly—passes went where they were intended, and shooting was quite accurate, as the 37 points garnered by the boys show.

Hats Off to Wally!

The team showed effects of good coaching and plenty of practice. The Varsity boys, while putting up a hard strenuous game, did not incur so many penalties as their opponents, who drew thirteen, while Varsity players were penalized only six times.

Bill Douglas handled the game to the satisfaction of all concerned, and the players were:

Hudson's Bay—Hull, McConachie, Glasgow, Rostuk, Smith, Richard, Meeking, Stoddart.

Varsity—Keel, Shandro, Saddington, Fenerty, Craig, Pullishy, Carscallen.

HOCKEY COACH



BILL BROADFOOT

Coach of the senior hockey team, which will meet the Manitoba representatives on Saturday.

How The Teams Will Line Up

The first Intercollegiate hockey game of the year takes place next Saturday night, Jan. 25, at the Varsity rink, when Varsity play the representatives of the University of Manitoba. Reports from Winnipeg indicate that Manitoba has a strong team on the ice again this year. It will be remembered that a while back the Manitoba Varsity sextet won the Allan Cup, representative of the highest honors in senior amateur hockey. Puttee in goal is the only player remaining on the team who was a member of the championship squad.

Manitoba's team will be chosen from the following imposing array of material:

Puttee—Goal, former Allan Cup star.
Bill Elmwood—Defence, junior Dominion finalist last year.
Stewart Musgrove—Defence, a former Varsity senior player.
Aymiot—Defence, a flash from the junior ranks.
Charlie Benson—Centre, an intermediate star.
Wes Vickery—Centre, Saskatchewan Big Six league player.
Siggie Sigmundson—Right, drawn from junior hockey.
Doug Cook—Right, likewise a find from the junior leagues.
Red Currie—Left, a junior, who also plays senior rugby.
Teddy Ruse—Left, intermediate star, quarterback for Manitoba senior rugby squad.
Harbottle—Substitute.
The Alberta team will likely consist of the following players:
Goal—Ross.
Defence—Mead and Hall.
Forwards—Knight, Montgomery, McDonald, Chant, Pinkney and Gardner.

The game will get under way at 8:30 sharp, with Clarence Campbell handling the bell.

Disastrous Third Period Spells Defeat for Varsity

Seniors Drop Game to Imperials, Thursday, 6-1—Score Tied Till Last Period—Hall Outstanding for Varsity

After holding their own against the Imperials on Thursday last for two periods, the Varsity team went to pieces completely in the third to let in five goals. The final score was 6-1.

Hall Stars for Varsity

Montgomery showed up well for Varsity with his consistent back-checking, while Al Hall saved Ross lots of work by getting himself in front of shots. Stan Moher played as pretty a game as could be desired for the Imperials, while Jenkins also turned in a nice performance.

First Period

Stan Moher was robbed of the first goal of the game when he accepted a pass from Jenkins just inside the blue line, drew Ross out and scored, only to have it called offside.

Power staged several rushes and was close on all. He and Moher combined to force Ross to come out to save.

Varsity couldn't get working quite smoothly enough for the final punch, although they got within shooting distance.

The first period ended with the official score 0-0. The Imperials had the play.

Second Period

The second period went much the same as the first, with Ross forced to smother shots several times. It was in this frame that Varsity got their only counter. Mead dropped an easy

SPORTING SLANTS

The interfaculty hockey that was seen at the rink Saturday afternoon left very little to be desired in the way of excitement. The first game especially, which ended in a 3-3 tie, was sure worth going a long way to see.

The senior team certainly does not appear to be what it was before Christmas. However, the boys are out there trying their best, and that is all anyone can expect. The 6-1 score in the last game certainly doesn't represent the play. Our boys were worth a much closer score than that.

However, Saturday is our big night as far as hockey is concerned. The Manitoba boys will be here. That same Manitoba University won the Allan Cup (Dominion Amateur Hockey Trophy) not so many years back. However, many of the old players have graduated now. Anyway, the bigger they are the harder they fall.

This is an intercollegiate game, and there should be a big enough crowd on hand to fill the rink to capacity when the boys from the eastern prairie province step on to the ice. If they are as good as their predecessors of two years ago, you will get your money's worth by watching some first-class hockey. If they are not quite so good, there will be a real old hockey battle raging.

The girls also are going to step out against the Monarchs. It's a long time since the overtown girls have met defeat against Varsity. However, our co-eds claim that they are going to give these same Monarchs a surprise this year, and bring that Misen-

shot from the blue line, which Castagner blocked, only to let it trickle in.

The Imperials gave Varsity a scare when Groves hit the post with a rebound of Dame's.

Imperials Evened

They evened the score at the half-way mark when Moher took a pass from Power, got tangled up with the defence, and finally sneaked the puck through for a tally.

The Imperials five minutes later scored after Ross had been hurt in an attempt to save, and the goal was disallowed on the theory that the bell should have gone the moment Ross was hurt instead of after the goal had been scored.

Imperials Run Wild

The third period was disastrous for the Green and Gold. The period had scarcely begun when Dame passed from behind the Varsity goal to Collingwood, who was uncovered, the latter getting the shot away before he could be blocked.

Groves scored again a moment later, the goal being disputed, but allowed.

Jenkins was responsible for the next goal, the shot hitting the boards first and being knocked in when Ross attempted to clear.

Power to Moher followed up with an offside goal.

Varsity tried desperately to even up and both Broadfoot and Cooper got close.

The last goal of the game was scored by Jenkins all alone, and was the prettiest goal of the evening.

The game was featured by the large number of casualties. Ross, Mead, Cooper and Carver all being more or less injured.

The Lineups

Varsity: Ross, goal; Hall, Mead, defence; Broadfoot, Cooper, Montgomery, Knight, Chant, McDonald, forwards.

Imperials: Castagner, goal; Dame, Power, defence; Moher, Jenkins, Kennedy, Carver, Collingwood, Groves, forwards.

er cup back where it started out from. Here's hoping you're right, girls. We wish you luck.

How about that big game of hockey between the girls and the pros. There are some four hundred who saw the game last year who are looking forward with pleasure to the day when they will see Professor Ottewill don the pads again and Dr. Rutherford making his sensational dashes down the ice.

The senior basketball girls are feeling just right since their victory of a week ago Monday. They are patiently waiting for a chance to get at the Gradettes, so that they can win the city championship. Be patient, girls. Your chance will come, and we know you'll make the most of it.

The men's basketball team has plenty of credit coming its way. Two wins in as many starts isn't so bad. Wally certainly must know his basketball as well as his rugby. It's too bad that there is not room in the gym for about five times as many spectators. Go to it, boys. We're all with you!

BASKETBALL NOTICE

The men's senior basketball team play the Hudson Bay on Wednesday evening, Jan. 29, at 7:30 p.m. The intermediate team will also be in action against the Y.M.C.A. Blacks. Games in the Varsity gym. Admission, 25c.

BIG GAME TONIGHT



ETHEL BARNETT

ball team. Ethel has a big job on Captain of the senior girls' basketball team tonight, when her team meets the McDougall Gradettes for her hands tonight, when her team the city championship. Se has good material supporting her, and we wish her luck.

VARSITY SENIORS PLAY TUESDAY, 28

Hockey Schedule Revised—Superiors Head League to Date

Due to clashes in the schedule of senior hockey games at the Varsity rink, it has been found necessary to rearrange the schedule. The following is the revised schedule:

Thursday, Jan. 23—Superiors vs. Imperials.

Tuesday, Jan. 28—Imperials vs. Varsity.

Thursday, Jan. 30—Superiors vs. Elks.

Saturday, Feb. 1—Elks vs. Imperials.

Tuesday, Feb. 4—Imperials vs. Varsity.

Thursday, Feb. 6—Superiors vs. Elks.

Saturday, Feb. 8—Varsity vs. Superiors.

Tuesday, Jan. 11—Varsity vs. Elks.

The standing of the various teams is as follows:

	W.	L.	D.	P.
Superiors	7	0	1	15
Imperials	3	3	2	8
Varsity	2	5	1	4
Elks	2	5	1	5

Varsity has not been doing so well since Christmas, so if the team is to remain in the running they will have to step right out and win most of their remaining games. Tuesday evening they are billed to meet the Imperials in a regular league fixture.

GARNEAU SHOE REPAIR

EXPERT WORKMANSHIP
REASONABLE PRICES

10928 88th Ave.

On the way to the Car-line

Steen's Drug Store

(At the Car Line)

KODAKS AND BROWNIE

CAMERAS, from \$2.75

Films Developed and Printed

Phone 31456

The Edmonton Drafting and Supply Co.

LIMITED

DRAWING INSTRUMENTS

SLIDE RULES, POLYPHASE & DUPLEX, T-SQUARES, SET SQUARES, PROTRACTORS, DRAWING INK, Etc.

All the necessary equipment for the Draftsman

10316 Jasper Avenue

Edmonton, Alberta

TO

The Undergrad

A

JACK HAYS' TAXI

Our Dollar Zone Includes
The Varsity Campus

PHONE 2555



SIMPLICITY is one of the most attractive features of our portraits. Just YOU as you are is what your friends cherish most in your photo.

Phone 5767 for appointment

LONG'S STUDIOS

PHOTOGRAPHERS, ARTISTS, ENGRAVERS
LaFleche Building

All Year Book Pictures Must be in by January 31st

Dissertation on Bulbs

By Ariadne

Do you want to know a real secret? About how to make your room look like home? Well, here's it:

Buy two bulbs. One might do, but in this case, place the bulb beside a mirror, because all of this species, from tulips to onions, require companionship. Otherwise they are discontented, and contentment is a necessary inspiration to growth.

Next, buy a vessel, container—or more commonly, a flower-pot. There is an important consideration here, which is often neglected. That is, that it is quite useless to present two bulbs of ordinary intelligence, and therefore possessing some human weaknesses, with a bowl having its exterior profusely decorated with flowers. The poor things get no encouragement whatever—they cannot see the outside. Therefore obtain a flower-pot with an inspiring interior.

Next, take a spoon from a Pembina table (Athabasca would do) and wend your way towards some portion of the campus where the ground is soft (this will be the simplest part of the whole process) and fill your pot with soft warm earth full of vitamins (that's the things found in cream of wheat and grape-nuts, you know).

Lastly, place the bulbs in the earth, and cover all except their heads, which must have fresh air. Keep in a warm place (one's bedroom is therefore ideal, when the temperature outside is below —50°) and water every day. Bulbs do not care for tea, even if it has been standing a week.

The result will be truly amazing! The perfume of the gorgeous blooms (even if the hyacinths did grow up to be narcissi) will waft you back to temperate climes, far from the University city, where even the thermometers freeze.

INTERLUDE

By B.H.

Evening dreams across the sky,
Nothing matters—you and I
Are here alone.

Golden moon above the sea,
Love has come to you and me
Bitter sweet.

In the east, pale cold dawn
Nothing matters, love is gone.
Just forget.

SCONA BEAUTY PARLOR
MARCELLING, 50 CENTS
Phone 32845
10363 Whyte Avenue

WE ARE IN BUSINESS
FOR YOUR HEALTH
**HARRIS SPORTING
GOODS CO.**
10342 Whyte Avenue

PRINCESS

Now Showing
Thursday, Friday, Saturday
Richard Dix, June Collyer
In
"The Love Doctor"
All-Talking. Passed U.
A Delightful Romance Bubbling
with Laughter!

Coming Monday
Neil Hamilton, Jean Arthur,
in
"Dr. Fu Manchu"
Sax Rohmer's Famous Character!
Alive! Talking!
Passed U

JOHNSON'S—The Leading CAFE
Corner 101st and Jasper Avenue

LOOK FOR THE SIGN
McDERMID STUDIOS
LIMITED
ARTISTS & ENGRAVERS
PHOTOGRAPHERS
PHONE
5444
6777
10133 - 101 ST. EDMONTON

PHOTOS
McDERMID
DESIGNS
ENGRAVINGS

JUST NORTH of
JASPER
on 101st
STREET

SONGS OF A LOAFER—No. 1

Lines on the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam

And oftentimes it strikes me as I think
That deep within his heart old Khayyam felt
The presence of some one—omnipotent—
To whom, secluded, Omar pray'd and knelt.
For in that verse wherein he says the blue
"Rolls on impotently as thou or I"
It seems to me that covertly it says
"Someone, however, rules both earth and sky."
Howe'er it be his fatalistic views
Fail dimly in their appeal to me
"Eat, drink, be merry, for tomorrow we may die"—
"Forget the past, think not of future"—We,
While there are doubtless some things in the past
To be forgotten, would not like to cheat
Ourselves, by forcing into dark and deep
Oblivion reminiscences as sweet
As nights of love—days of success and hours
In which we glory. Our religion gives
Peace in the past and future hopes whereby our nation lives.
—CAPTAIN Z.

The PIG'S EYE



It is with considerable regret that we announce that William Haines is slipping. We are sorry, Mr. Haines, but we must be firm about this. His latest picture, "Navy Blues" or "Black Bottom," or whatever the feature was called, was decidedly and unequivocally punk. After the first ten minutes we were looking desperately for a good word of gum under the seat and thereafter, not having found any gum, we were just plain disgusted.

In the first place the story is an obvious rehash of Clara Bow's starring vehicle, "The Fleet's In." And while Anita Page (you get the crack about the gum now, Otto?) is one good reason for calling in a heart specialist, at the same time she has not got Miss Bow's—er, personality. No, not even in two places. She did her best to look like a Barbary Coast hotsy, but at the worst looked like the Big Time at a Sunday school picnic. And "Smarty" Haines' best was a cross between a policeman at a benefit concert and Bill Hart's pet horse. At that the horse used to give better support.

We might as well tell you the plot since you're getting to be big girls and boys now anyhow. Haines is a gob (American for stevedore), who meets a "good" girl while on shore leave. She falls for him. The family fear that The Worst Has Happened, and turn her out with him, but she finds that he "ain't the marrying kind," to use Mr. Haines' naive expression. He returns after a cruise to Panama, and after a long search finds her in a pork-and-bean joint playing big time to a department store tie-puller. He brings her home and the wedding bells ring out sweet and clear above the racket of the Frisco cable cars.

The only shots we enjoyed were those of the U.S. Pacific battle fleet at target practice, and all we did was figure Mr. Shearer's commission on the armor plate involved. Besides, they never met the German High Seas fleet. Sometimes we wish they had.

We also wish to announce that the tone of this paper has gotten entirely beyond our depth. Our Latin studies were meagre at the best of times, involving only such things as "castra pono," to build a bridge, and "honi soit qui mal y pense," and now we are practically limited to the list of editors for reading matter. It's too bad, that's all. At our advanced age (seventy-two in March and never touched a drop, sir), we find it difficult to keep up in our classic languages. Our Greek has dwindled to one word, "zup," meaning hot water, and aside from a few choice words like "kibitzer" and "hoot mon" our Hebrew is simply nowhere.

We trust, then, that our editor will generously come to our assistance, either by writing in plain English or else substituting Pictish for Latin. The observant scholar will recall that of the former tongue only six words remain. Hence we feel that within a few weeks of study we will be able to master the verbal intricacies of the editorial columns again.
—H. D. S.

FEATURE WRITER



PHYLLIS WESTON

One of our most productive feature writers, whose incomprehensibility, when she gets going well, almost equals our Editor's, though—heaven be praised!—she does at least steer clear of the use of Latin.

ALL ABOUT NOTHING

By Freshman 1001

The idea suggested by the symbol "0" has in the past undergone many modifications. At one time we pronounced it like "Oh," so that a person giving a number seemed to be in much pain. For example "90303" would be read so that it sounded as if, in spite of many blows and kicks, a person insisted on saying "Three!" You can imagine him ejaculating "Three!" between groans.

"Three,—oh,—three,—oh, three!" Later in school life we were taught not to say "oh," but "ought." This sometimes gave us Bad Ideas of Good Grammar, as in reading the number "3028." It was pointed out once by a bright pupil that we should not say "Three, ought, two, eight"; we should say, "Three ought to EAT."

Not That It Matters

Another teacher told us to call the symbol "Nought." This name once had the effect of impressing upon us the fact that two was two and nothing else but two when we read the number 2030405 as "TWO, not three, not four, not five!"

Frigid?—Why Not Torpid?

Our Grade VIII teacher gave us a very frigid idea of the symbol when she told us to call it "zero." Previously we had heard of zero only in connection with cold weather. No doubt she intended to make us shiver with apprehension of what we should learn about the symbol in High School.

But during the Public School days various other ideas about "0" were formed in our minds, such as: That it was a place marker in our decimal system of notation; that it was the symbol which made it possible to get along with only nine other symbols in writing all numbers; and that it indicated the result of subtracting equal numbers. Furthermore, from many lines of evidence we concluded that "0" meant "Nothing." In Grade I, did not the teacher used to tantalize us with this question:

"If I give you two candies and then take two candies away from you, how many candies have you left?" Our childish visions of a treat in store for us being thus cruelly dashed to earth, what could we do but answer sulkily:

"I have no candies left!"

Counting from a high number down to "0" made us think that "0" was the ultimate lowest number, the last word in lowness.

Coming into High School we studied Algebra and learned that "zero" was simply a selected point on a scale which could extend infinitely below "0" as well as infinitely above it. Thus instead of meaning "nothing," the symbol really meant a certain definite amount.

Painful Discoveries

As children we had thought that one couldn't be worse off than having "no money," but in High School we learnt that to have a minus amount of money was much worse.

The idea of nothing could then no longer be indicated by a zero. In our present stage of development, however, we are beginning to theorize about "nothing," something along the following lines:

Suppose marbles have not yet been invented. It is clear that everyone in the universe has no marbles. That is, as regards marbles, everybody has nothing.

Now suppose that someone invents a marble and keeps it. Immediately the status of everybody else has changed. Instead of having no marbles, everybody except the inventor has minus one marble. There can no longer be such a thing as "no marbles."

Condensed Comfort

Applying this idea further, we might act as comforter to a boy who has lost a bag of marbles. Heartbroken he sobs:

"I've lost my marbles and now I have No Marbles left."

"Hold on, my boy, don't cry," we say. Being mathematicians, we cannot have our theory broken down, that theory which established the idea that there is no longer such a thing as "No Marbles."

"How many marbles had you at first?"

"Three hundred," he grieves.

Then the actual condition of affairs may easily be presented. We say: "My boy, do not think you have no marbles. Why, you have minus three hundred marbles."

Then we may walk serenely away. Let us not be downcast to learn that the boy finds his minus three hundred marbles rather intangible when he comes to play.

Peace for Paupers

Under other conditions if we deny the existence of "no money" we may cause great discouragement. A harassed bread-winner may say to us:

"I have no money."

"Hold on, my friend," we say. "How much do you owe your Grocer? What is your Doctor Bill? What arrears of taxes are there on your property?"

He may give us amounts which add up to five hundred dollars.

"What, no money," we exclaim. "My dear sir, your condition is far worse than you think. Why you will have to earn five hundred dollars before you will have no money!"

If the bread-winner goes insane shortly after this, we can be comfortable in the conviction that we but stated a mathematical truth to him.

PHONING ATHABASKA

The Pembinites' Viewpoint

(By S.I.M.(P.* added by request)

It has been done, oh yes, it has. We have all tried it on rare occasions and some perhaps on occasions not so rare. Rushing merrily in from the winter's frosty breezes, one stops before the wide expanse of green notice-board to scan its possibilities. Believe it or not, there is a notice for Miss "Thus and So" to call 31498.

"Who on earth can that be. Let me think. Oh, well, I'll try him first anyway." Every prospect pleases. There is nothing like a phone call or even a phone slip to make one feel good. So one walks slowly down to one's room and puts away one's hat and coat and powders one's nose, or does one? At last one arrives in front of the old familiar instrument of torture and begins one's daily dozen.

At Last!—Athabaska Hall

Dial 31498, what a hope! Of course the line is busy. Do it again and yet again, and at last the thrilling sound that means that the call is ringing through at the other end. But an old hand at the game does not become excited, because goodness only knows if there is a person within a mile of that God forsaken phone who will answer it. Is there ever anyone on phone duty in Athabaska? Really? Surely you don't mean it! If you are lucky, a very disgusted voice at the other end will announce that this is Athabaska Hall. We had hoped it would be!

"Could I speak to Mr. Sneezit, please?"

"Mr. WHO?"

"Mr. Sneezit."

"Spell it, please," and you spell, let us say, about five times to be moderate. "Oh, yes, Mr. Sneezit; just a minute and I'll see," and the person with the voice, which has vastly increased in volume, stands at the bottom of the stairs and shrieks lustily that some dame wants Sneezit on the phone. That is what it sounds like at this end, anyway. And likely he isn't in, or, at least, doesn't respond, and you hang up, wait half an hour, and so do it all over again.

Right Number—But!

And when you finally get him you ask confidently, "Was it I that you were calling?" and then, slightly taken aback, "Er—aw—I'm sorry, my mistake," and you go. It was the wrong man.

You pick up your courage and do it again, and if you are lucky and the long-hoped for voice comes over the phone you inquire a little more

THE MULLIGAN STEW

A Column Intended for the Cultured, Advocated for the Lowbrows, and Read Only by the Author

By PERCIVAL HODNUT

A few issues back, out editorial column bewailed the "childish" vandalism of certain imps of darkness who loved to take their graphite sticks from the vest pocket and play at sign writing on our notice boards. Very caustic our editor was, and I agreed with almost everything he said.

Turn-Ups

Really, though, I considered it rather hard on our little brothers, sisters, nephews, nieces, et al, to have the vandals likened to them. Most kiddies (bless their hearts) are far more intelligent and accomplished in sign mutilation, but it is advertising hoardings, not notice boards, that receive their attention. Just consider the beautiful simplicity of the following lines observed on some of our advertising boards: "Susie J. loves Benny X," "B.V.D. is a Ox," "2x2=4," "Our teacher is a cross teacher." What a wealth of truths of life are here evident; what may we not learn of the beauty of sincerity from these pithy comments. And yet, in spite of the lessons to be learned by observation of the signboards, boys grow up to be vandals or cynical Seniors, girls grow up cultivating that schoolgirl complexion, and finally graduate with that schoolgirl complex. (Before going on, I might just as well admit that, for once, the pun is not my own—and if you say "I knew it; it's not a bit punny," I gracefully withdraw to my bed-chamber.)

Carets

Continuing: I can only deplore that tendency for the innocent to grow up with the propensity for destroying the beautiful, be it art or virtue. Further, I must deplore the encouragement given them by their equally misguided fellows. Thus it is that I come to an obvious conclusion: despite the protests of our elders to the contrary, we who start life in this world so innocently and with so much instinctive wisdom can only have

diffidently, "Was it you that was calling me?" It was—and the conversation continues, "Oh, I'm so sorry that I was down town all afternoon!" Pause. "Why, I'd love to go. All right, at seven-thirty then, goodbye," and you hang up, that is, if you have any regard for the little sign which states that our respect for fellow Pembinites three minutes should be the limit. At last our labors have been rewarded and the victory is ours.

JACK CRAWFORD
VARSITY BEAUTY
PARLOR

Private Booths for Ladies
and Gentlemen
We specialize in Permanent
Waving, Finger Waving and
Marcelling
Phone 31144 for
Appointments

SATURDAY NIGHT CABARET

The Macdonald Hotel In Dining Room at \$1.00
per Person

Why Not Be
A Tailored Man

Your decision in the choice of clothes is just one of the many upon which rests the measure of success in life. Young men who are forging ahead place their ideals high. In the matter of clothes they realize that Custom Built individuality is important—it lifts you out of the crowd. Why not enjoy the finer Tailored Clothes since Westcraft makes it cost no more?

MADE FOR YOU

\$35. \$40. \$45.

WESTCRAFT
Tailored Clothes
"LaFleche Built"

LaFleche Building

102nd Street

FOR TAXI PHONE 4444

One only PIANO Accordion
for sale cheap

JONES & CROSS

10014 101st Street. Phone 4746
(Next to Journal Building)

Gent's
Wrist Watches

The modern man's strap watch is an example of the finest precision of the watchmaker. A good sturdy watch is a practical idea, a year round, reliable companion. The models we are showing are built for real service.

Priced from \$10.00 to \$60.00

Jackson Bros.
9962 Jasper Avenue
Edmonton

A Nonchalant Tuxedo
for the
UNDERGRADUATE DANCE
\$27.50

ROBINSON'S
CLOTHES
Limited

DR. L. D. MacLAURIN
DENTAL SURGEON
Dental X-Ray and Gas Equip-
ment in connection with office.
Office Phone 6448, Res. 32633.
403-4 Tegler Building

The new The smart
COUGHLIN'S
The Capitol
BEAUTY PARLORS
Specialists in make-up for
Social Affairs
Water Waving
Permanent Waving

EVERYTHING IN
SPORTING GOODS
SEE
UNCLE BEN'S
EXCHANGE
PHONE 2057
Cor. 102nd Ave. & 101st St.

BILL'S
Confectionery
109th St. and Jasper Ave.
Come to Bill's for good
Candy. We carry good lines
of Chocolate Boxes, Fresh
Fruits and Fountain Drinks,
hot and cold.
The Best Drinks in Town

SPECIALS
Varsity Med Pins, 14K gold, each.....\$2.00
Belt Buckles, U. of A. Crest, in colors.....\$1.50
Cushion Covers.....\$3.00

UNIVERSITY BOOK STORE

YOUR STATIONERY SPEAKS FOR YOU

Nothing indicates character more clearly than the kind of Stationery you use. Our stock is up-to-date, so if you make your selection of Stationery here, you are sure to have the right thing.
Boxed Stationery, Pads, Envelopes, etc.

COWLES' DRUG STORE
PHONE 32225 SOUTH SIDE, WHYTE AVE.

*It Will Soon Be Too Late
For Year Book Photographs.*

MAKE YOUR APPOINTMENT TODAY.

The University Studio
IS IN THE DEPARTMENT OF EXTENSION

Emblem Buttons

LET US SUBMIT DESIGNS AND GIVE YOU QUOTATIONS ON AN EMBLEM FOR YOUR CLASS OR CLUB.

HENRY BIRKS & SONS
LIMITED

DIAMOND MERCHANTS

Birks Building

Jasper at 104th Street

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from Page 2)

AN EXPLANATION

Editor, The Gateway.
Dear Sir,—In the issue of the Gateway for Jan. 9 a picture of one of our prominent athletes appeared, under which these words were written, "Gladys Fry, who is expected to play for the girls' senior basketball team against the professors on Monday night. As she is a Commercial Grad and therefore cannot regularly play for Varsity, this will probably be her only appearance in our gym this winter."

When such a statement as that—a University student unable to play for Varsity because she is a member of another team—appears in a university paper, it is high time for an explanation of the true state of affairs. As members and officials of the girls' basketball team, may we present, through the medium of your paper, a fair summary of the much discussed and misinterpreted question of Gladys Fry's position?

The difficulty arose in 1927 when the Commercial Grads enlarged the membership of the team to include any city girls who had sufficient ability to make the team. Gladys Fry, an outstanding player, applied, and secured the position of centre on the world-famous team.

At the beginning of that University term, Mr. Page, coach of the Grad team, requested the University Women's Basketball Club to allow Gladys, as a member of the University team, to play in the world series with the Grads. The club, realizing what such a position meant to Gladys—honor, basketball knowledge and a trip to Europe—gave consent to the request, without foreseeing the difficulties which would inevitably arise from such an agreement. Here let us mention that Gladys never obtained an official release in writing from the Women's Athletic Association.

In order to make the above state of affairs possible, the University team withdrew from the Senior City and Provincial leagues, playing several exhibition games with city teams. The only league game played by the team was the intercollegiate game with Manitoba.

This loose, unsettled agreement continued for two years, until the end of last term. By that time it was clear that the position of the University team was entirely unsatisfactory. Games were hard to arrange, and the team did not get the opposition which it should have had in order to show itself up as a real team.

Accordingly, at the beginning of this term, it was pointed out by the committee appointed to revise the constitution that no University student can play on any team outside the University without special release from the Athletic Association to which he or she belongs. Gladys then

applied for a release from the Women's Athletic Association. The request was refused. Mr. Page then called a meeting in the Journal building, to which he invited certain members of the athletic organizations. On behalf of the Grads he emphasized the fact that the University, by refusing to release Gladys to the Grads, was acting in a selfish manner unless our team intended to try for the Dominion championship. Without Glad, the Grads would be so weakened as to make their chances of the championship doubtful. In reply the University representatives expressed the intentions of the University team to enter the provincial series, and to go on as far as possible from there.

Following this meeting the Women's Athletic Association held a meeting, at which the original decision of refusal was still maintained. The problem was again considered by the Committee on Athletic Affairs, by whose advice the Athletic Association agreed to abide. Again no direct conclusion was reached, as no statement had been received by Gladys as to her personal wishes. It was felt by all that her own wishes should be considered.

In the meantime Dr. Wallace interviewed Gladys, who then expressed the preference to play for whichever team would be enabled to win the Dominion championship. If Varsity could not, by stress of examinations, time of term, etc., stand a chance, then she would prefer to play for the Grads, rather than see the title go to another province or city, provided that she never had to play against Varsity. On the strength of this statement, and the opinions expressed at the meeting of the Committee on Athletic Affairs, the Athletic Association arrived at a compromise which we think is fair to everyone concerned. A game is to be played between the University and the Grads, in which Gladys will take no part. The winner of this game will prove itself superior and better able to utilize Gladys' services. It was felt that thus no antagonism would be aroused between Varsity and the city, and that there would be no antipathy towards Gladys by any one.

Here the question stands now. The Varsity team has entered the City and Provincial leagues. The former is practically over, and the latter is to be played shortly. The reason that Gladys has not played with us before this is that a local rule prevents any Grad player from playing in the city league, although some Grads are at present playing for an overturn team.

These are the facts. Accept them or criticize them as you will, but remember this: the fault lies not with what has been done this year, but with the decision of three years ago. If anyone has a better way out of the difficulty we would appreciate hearing your opinions on a matter which has been extremely difficult to settle.

MARGARET MORRISON,
President.
ETHEL BARNETT, Captain.

VAGABOND'S EXPLANATION

January 21st, 1930.
Editor, The Gateway.
Dear Sir,—In your issue of January 16th there appears over my signature a letter which discussed in a critical way the meal which was served to resident students on the evening of Sunday, January 12th. My attention has been called to the fact that many of the student body interpreted this letter as a general attack on the Men's House Committee and also on those responsible for the management of the dining room. I can assure all readers of The Gateway that nothing was further from the mind of the writer. Since the letter was interpreted in such a general way, I can only express my regret, and add that no aspersion was intended upon those who are responsible for our welfare in the residences.

Yours truly,
VAGABOND.

HOUSE COMMITTEE'S REPLY

January 21st, 1930.
Editor, The Gateway.
Dear Sir,—Although all the members of our Committee abhor such type of controversy, a letter appearing in the correspondence of last issue necessitates our pointing out in your columns that Vagabond's letter on "Last Sunday Night Supper" is as erroneous as it is puerile and regrettable.

There is indeed a possibility that a certain meal served at any time is not to the liking of some individual, but to cater to all individual tastes at once is obviously impossible. Our meals are planned, cooked and served by a staff whose interest in the student welfare is unique, and we challenge Vagabond to disprove that the kitchen and whole service are not of the cleanest and best.

His able discussion on the financial side is indeed ridiculous; firstly, we do not get, in the way of food, what any person expects reasonably, and we would ask just where for \$37 per month like room, service, gym

BOWLING NEWS

Hockey, basketball, boxing and wrestling, badminton, chess, checkers, bridge, twittering and all the rest of the pastimes have their devotees and champions who use this page (or some other) to give accounts of their pet diversion, or even on occasion defend them against those whose enthusiasms lead them along different lines. So far the ancient sport of bowling, as practised by the Chem. Department, has remained inviolate. This is probably because it does not need to interfere with other forms of recreation, and does not advertise for spectators. Another point in its favor is the fact that there are no "silent partners"; everybody is a participant. As a consequence we have no ulterior motive in using our allotment of space on this page.

Since the games are played Tuesday afternoon, and this copy must be in to The Gateway office Wednesday morning, the effect of these games on league-standings cannot be given in this report. The Organic team managed to pull itself out of a slump which had lasted for some time by winning 3 out of 6 games. Last week they lost 6 out of 6, which isn't so good for the percentage standing. Among the high scores noticed were J. P. McKenzie with 323 in one game, McDonald with 294, as well as Joe Edwards, Halley Gaetz, "Zinc" Zimmerman, and others with over 200. Congratulations are due to "Stogie" Drake, who is a newcomer to the game, for his first score of over 200.

PILLS AND PAINS

On Tuesday, January 14th, the Medical Club was given a very interesting address by Dr. Pettitlerc. He chose as his subject, "Intestinal Obstruction," and it proved of great interest to all present.

The Med-Dent hockey team won two games last week. These boys are doing pretty well, we think, and again we make a plea to the gang to support this team.

By the way, if you are caught red-handed, be nonchalant—tell them you cut your hand.

Last Friday night was a big night for the Meds. The Medical Ball was a real party. The Journal, we notice, called it "one of the smart affairs of the season." We would like to express our thanks to the dance committee for the best party we have ever been privileged to attend.

On the horizon looms the Med Banquet. It will be held most likely during the first week in March. The banquet committee will soon be completing arrangements for this function, and we will keep you posted.

And as we leave you we might mention that our idea of a man truly going down in defeat is one with falling arches.

PLEASE CHECK

The rink manager requests all persons on the rink for band periods to check their shoes and overcoats. Any garments found on the benches or elsewhere in the rink building during these periods will be collected by the officials.

and athletic accommodation could be secured.

It is astonishing, if Vagabond actually believes in the veiled aspersions which he throws, that he remains to partake with us, and the number who cannot get into residence would indicate that his opinions are far from general.

We would point out, sir, also, that the House Committee are ready to act on any suggestion made by the majority of students, and have in the past received courtesy and co-operation from those in authority, in the dining hall especially. This is our function and obligation to the students.

Thanking you, Mr. Editor, for your space, and calling attention to the fact that this letter is signed by him who wrote it.—I am,

Yours truly,
W. NELSON GOURLAY
(For the Men's House Committee)

A NOTE OF THANKS

University of Manitoba,
Winnipeg, Jan. 20, 1930.
Editor, The Gateway,
University of Alberta,
Edmonton, Alberta.

Dear Sir,—To the students of the University of Alberta, and particularly to those who were directly responsible for our entertainment while we were in Edmonton, we should like to express our sincere gratitude for the warmth of their hospitality. We shall not readily forget the cordial way in which members of the staff and student body alike did everything possible to make our visit a happy one. Most of all we appreciate the associations which we have made on your campus. On the whole, our visit to Alberta has left nothing to be desired.

Sincerely yours,
RONALD M. MACDONELL.
R. GERALD RIDDELL.

Garneau Service Station

BILL REED, PROP.

TIRE AND BATTERY SERVICE—CAR LAUNDRY
GAS, OILS AND ACCESSORIES

Cor. 86th Ave. and 109th St.

Phone 32796

"Human Sacrifice" Subject Philosophy Society Meeting

Mr. R. M. Wiles Discusses Offering of Human Sacrifices to the Gods, as Practised by Savages—Queer Customs of Heathen Religions

An unusually interesting paper was read before the Philosophical Society at its meeting on Wednesday afternoon. Dr. Shaner, President of the Society, introduced Mr. R. M. Wiles, of the Department of English, whose subject was "Human Sacrifice."

"By human sacrifice," said the speaker, "I mean the ritual putting to death of a human being for the accomplishment of some supernatural end. Such sacrifices have been very generally prevalent among the savage nations of the world, and are not extinct even today."

The savage conception of God, Mr. Wiles reminded his audience, is very different from our own; yet the religion of the savage is vitally real to him, indeed is bound up very closely with his struggle for existence. The savage very early became conscious of strange powers, the thunder, the lightning, the storm, which sometimes helped and sometimes hindered him. To these powers, according to Hubert's theory, he attributed "mana"—a quality, a cause, a force, an atmosphere—a hidden, mysterious and therefore dangerous potency. It was only natural that the savage should try to control these powers to his advantage and to win their favor by supplication.

As the religious ideas of the savage evolved, these powers became spirits, vague and shadowy it is true, yet having the form of human beings. Gradually these spirits grew into gods. "Sacrifice, then," the speaker pointed out, "seems to have been essential to getting on the right side of the high powers."

The earliest form of human sacrifice, Mr. Wiles continued, was connected with funeral rites and ancestor worship. A very definite conception of immortality led the savage to prepare carefully for the comfort of the deceased in the hereafter. Part of his earthly goods were therefore buried or burned with him; a wife or a concubine was usually included; often several slaves were also slain, whose souls would then accompany and serve the dead man in the future life. Later the idea grew up that the deities, too, wanted human slaves; and that they indicated their desire by sending storms, plagues, and reverses in battle. Human sacrifice thus assumed importance as a means of pacifying an angry god.

A different type of sacrifice, based solely upon a superstitious belief, was the foundation-sacrifice. The custom among primitive peoples was to bury a human being, alive or dead, under the foundation-stone of a new building. In this way the spirits of the trees cut down to construct the building, or of the freshly-dug earth, would be propitiated for the trespass committed. At the same time, a spiritual guardian was established over the building, thus assuring its permanence.

Perhaps the most highly developed form of human sacrifice is that in

which the victim is regarded as a direct ambassador from the people to God. Closely analogous with this is the idea that a people may be liberated from the consequences of their sins by the sacrifice of the most perfect of their number. This idea of a scapegoat is to be found in biblical references to Jesus Christ. Sacrifice here is made a means of approach to, or communion with God.

Dr. Shaner thanked the speaker for his fascinating and instructive paper.

Professional Tutor

Latin, Chem 1, and other
First Year subjects

For appointment

PHONE 6057

"Every Occasion is an Occasion
for Flowers"

Edmonton Flower Shop

Wm. Slocombe, Manager
10223 Jasper Ave. - Edmonton
PHONE 1739
Your Orders executed promptly
for every occasion

HOT DOG ROLLS

FOR THE HIKE

CAKES

FOR ALL OCCASIONS

Lister's

CAKES OF QUALITY

Jasper Ave. at 107th Street
Phone 5204—We Deliver

Office 32748 **TAXI** Residence 33074
HEATED SEDANS
SAUNDERS' TRANSFER
BAGGAGE TO AND FROM ALL RAILWAYS
The Old Reliable
Office: 8039 104th St. W. J. Saunders & Sons

SNAPPY SERVICE

TRUDEAU'S CLEANING & DYE WORKS, LTD., ARE KNOWN NOT ONLY FOR OUR COMPLETE AND UP-TO-DATE EQUIPMENT, WHICH MAKES CERTAIN A FINE JOB ON EVERY GARMENT HANDLED, BUT ALSO FOR A PROMPTNESS AND RELIABILITY THAT MAKES ALL OUR CLIENTS FEEL THAT WE REGARD THEIR INSTRUCTIONS AS BEING OF IMPORTANCE—WHICH, OF COURSE, WE DO.

TRUDEAU'S

Cleaning & Dye Works

LIMITED

10050 103rd STREET, EDMONTON

Phone 23431

"CRAFTSMEN IN MAKING THINGS NEW"

